



"HULLO! I'M OUT OF IT THIS TIME!"

LAYS OF A LONDONER.

Kew.

A SECOND Eden, garden of delight,
Where jaded moilers seek a brief respite
From ledger, stool, and suit of rusty black,
The beetling boss, the intermittent sack;
Where prosperous cits that all the long week through
Have weighed out tea, sliced ham or brandished glue,
Reclining in sublime and portly ease
Admire the flowers and criticise the trees,
Or extricate with true paternal care
Young ALBERT from his little sister's hair;—
I love the place; its air of spacious calm,
Its alien atmosphere of plant and palm,
The feathered choirs that chant their ceaseless song,
And most of all the varied human throng—
Solace a soul (financially oppressed)
And dower existence with a livelier zest.
Deep in the grove that crowns yon rising hill,
Young DAPHNIS (known familiarly as BILL)
Pours out the old, old tale of Love's sharp pain
In CHLOE's shell-like ear, nor pours in vain;
While wrapped in spotless napery hard by
Their mutual lunch eludes the public eye.
Observe yon greybeard and his young girl wife,
She gazing with a listless eye on life,
He waxing eloquent about the blossom
Of some new Cattleya or Odontoglossum;
An ill-matched couple, passers-by declare,
Nor doubt some hidden tragedy is there,
Like that of *Robin Gray's* misplaced affection,
And poor young *Jamie's* fruitless resurrection.

But that's no theme for me; besides, I rather
Fancy she's merely bored—and he's her father.
See now yon cherub with the curly head,
Feeding the ducks with lumps of cast-off bread;
How rosy-cheeked! With what brave health endued!
How positively tight with wholesome food!
How calm he stands amid the raucous din
Of hungry wildfowl—Snakes! he's tumbled in!
O rosy-cheeked! O soundly warmed behind!
The hand is Nurse's, but tis Fate's unkind!

But here are other interests beside
The human throng's kaleidoscopic tide
For him who loves, in some secluded nook,
To scan the page of Nature's picture book.
Here in security that none disturb
Bloom the exotic and the native herb;
Here sweet-voiced birds disport on easy wing,
And some that don't habitually sing;
Here smile from rockery and rustic dell
The simple home-made flowers we love so well,
Whose quaint old-fashioned names are by-words to
The Briton's tongue (I wish I knew a few!)
While yonder, warmed by artificial heat,
The tropics' gorgeous denizens compete,
The painted wantons of a passionate zone
(The simile is chaste, but not my own).
Garden of London! One who knows the yoke
Of streets and offices and dust and smoke,
Who wots of toil's unedifying grind,
He ever bears thy verdant haunts in mind,
He hastens (if the Editor allows)
To bind this vocal garland on thy brows.

ALLOT.

A CORRECTIVE FOR THE GODS.

WHEN a lady's horse takes fright and drops his rider in a ditch; and she is taken to a farm-house and finds a distinguished London doctor installed on the premises; and he binds up her arm and mends her habit and they fall in mutual love at sight; and she is a daughter of the Peerage and he the son of the honest yeoman who tills the adjacent soil; and they separate without discovering one another's identity;—you have the ingredients of a very pleasant comedy-plot. But he would indeed be an old fogey who should imagine that at this time of day the difference in station between these two would appreciably retard the course of true love. Birth is so fast going out of fashion—as proved by other signs than the Census—that my lord *St. Olbyn* would scarce escape ridicule for not marching with the times, if on the mere dull ground of obscure origin he should refuse his daughter's hand to a fashionable doctor, drawing, no doubt, the most enormous fees from smart society.

It was obligatory therefore that the authors of the new Adelphi play, *Dr. Wake's Patient*, should devise some shock to the congruities so gross as to revive the bogie of class prejudice, if the happy ending was to be staved off to the Fourth Act. This they achieve, but at the risk of reducing a very charming comedy to the level of popular melodrama.

They manage it as follows. The *Lady Gerania*, unable to discover the name and address of the binder-up of wounds (though she could easily have found it out by sending a reply post-card to the farm-house) is daily losing flesh, together with all proper interest in evening parties. Accordingly her father sends her to consult a fashionable doctor in town, having first advised him by letter that he attributes his daughter's loss of weight and spirits to the debilitating effects of an obscure infatuation. The celebrated physician is naturally no other than the hero of the farm-house. So transparent is her delight at finding him that the play must then and there have reached an untimely conclusion if he had only prescribed the treatment thus obviously indicated. His failure to do so can only be explained, like much else, by the dramatic exigencies of the case. As it is, he contents himself with recommending a change of air at Seton Burr, a little seaside spot where he has another patient to visit.

Here, then, there is a gathering of her clan; the doctor joins them, and once more a premature end is in sight. But at this juncture his father and mother intervene with a wild project for paying him a surprise visit. *Lady Gerania's* mother, hearing through an industrious maid that *Dr. Wake's* parents are expected by the hotel-manager, sends them an invitation to dine with the family. They arrive by excursion train, and walk up on a hot afternoon with their bundles, which include a bottle of elder-berry wine for their boy. And here it should be explained that *Dr. Wake* has always obeyed the fifth Commandment to such good purpose that he now entertains no apprehension as to the part his parents are likely to play at their hosts' table, piously contriving to forget that the habit of dressing for dinner had never been regarded as *de rigueur* in his home circle. When the rustic pair reappear after a convenient stroll, dusty and "swattin'" (as the farmer puts it), to find my lord and lady, cool and nicely groomed, awaiting their guests, the situation has passed the limits of laughable incongruity, and a cruel sense of embarrassment, totally unshared by the good yeoman, unnerves the petrified audience. As soon as the dreadful facts penetrate the intelligence of nobility, the engagement, just ratified, of its daughter to the son of such parents is at once, and with frank brutality, repudiated. The indignation of the staggered yeoman finds vent in a storm of platitudes worthy of the best traditions of the old Adelphi. Had not he and his father, and that father's father before him for several hundred years (why not have stretched a point and

gone back to the *Hereward Wakes* of Ely?) tilled the same land? and was not one man as good as another, or even better? Standing there in his permanent costume of breeches and gaiters, a flush of honest pride mantling his tawny cheek, he was a spectacle for gods and men; and a tempest of applause swept through pit and gallery. Perorating on the significant word "Home! Home!" he drew off his tearful spouse in that direction, accompanied by their son, disillusioned and broken-hearted.

Next day the faithful girl runs away after her lover, who, however, with his pronounced views on filial obligations, naturally cannot countenance this defection from the path of duty. Parents are still parents, even in the most exalted circles. Meanwhile his own father has had a night in which to readjust his opinions on the equality of man, and repents an exhibition which threatens permanently to blight his son's prospects. On the arrival of the lady's father in hot pursuit the good yeoman bravely owns his error; confesses to a naughty and obstinate stomach; and admits the propriety of an arrangement by which one star in the social firmament is permitted to differ from another in point of precedence. During this recantation the gods sit rebuked for their previous applause of sentiments now withdrawn as erroneous.

Then follows a passage of real and, I think, very fresh pathos. Rather than stand in the way of their son's happiness the old couple will themselves renounce all claim to a share in his life; and if *Lord St. Olbyn* will promise his daughter to him in marriage, they on their part will undertake, at whatever sacrifice, to go away and never see their son again. Touched, as he well might be, by this offer of renunciation, the Earl unconditionally surrenders his child to the son of the noblest fellow he ever remembers to have met.

The Second Act, in Harley Street, was richest of all in the diversions of pure comedy. It was an admirable idea that *Lord St. Olbyn* should innocently send his daughter to her vanished lover to be cured of a depression of which his absence was the solitary cause. The situation which preceded their meeting offered opportunities, unusual in a consulting-room, for a pretty play of Sophoclean irony; and of these the authors made full use. This Act also introduced to us Mr. GAYER MACKAY, one of the two clever authors of the play, in the character of a man about town, with shattered nerves and an irrepressible tendency to qualify all his epithets with the word "*ab-so-lute-ly*"—a tag which was quick to find favour. The part must have been written for himself; certainly it could not have found a more attractive and discreet interpreter.

As *Lady Gerania*, Miss LILIAN BRAITHWAITE had at last a character in which she could do herself justice; and she was simply adorable. It was an easy part to get through, but difficult enough to play as she played it. Her sympathetic charm of voice and manner, not only during the lighter scenes, but where something more serious was demanded of her, conquered and held all hearts. Mr. HALLARD, as *Dr. Wake*, played with great keenness and buoyancy: but for a famous physician with wide social experience, he was too jerky and angular and restless. Mr. CHARLES ROCK displayed an admirable vigour as the doctor's father. When evoking that furore of applause by his denunciation of caste distinctions, it must have been a grim satisfaction to him to know how badly he was going to let the gods down in the next Act. Miss ELSIE CHESTER gave a most finished study of the character of the yeowoman, somewhat overshadowed by the masculine dominance of her good man. Miss HILDA THORPE was very happy in her portrayal of *Lady St. Olbyn's* egoism and inconsequence and delectable lack of all sense of proportion. As the *Bishop of Selby*, Mr. ADAM ALEXANDER was irresistible; and in the small part of a gipsy-girl Miss INA PELLY, making her first appearance, played with spirit and intelligence, and should be heard of again.

O. S.



A DREAM OF POWER.

SIR H. CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN. "HELP! HELP! SAVE ME FROM MY FRIENDS!"

CHARIVARIA.

GENERAL LINIEVITCH has been appointed Viceroy of the Far East. He has certainly earned a rest.

Much has been made of the generosity of Japan in the matter of the Peace terms, but surely a word is due to the Russians also for their magnanimity. It seems from a telegram sent by the Czar that the Russian Army was not only prepared to ward off the enemy, but also to inflict on them an important defeat.

The SHAH, it is said, had no idea that the Russians had beaten the Japanese in the War until he met the Czar last week.

Possibly we are not out of the wood yet, but, up to the date of going to press, the Poet Laureate has not published any verses on the subject of Peace in the Far East. We have so often had occasion to chide Mr. AUSTIN that we think it only fair to mention this.

While it is a fact that a motor omnibus last week damaged the pedestal of the Cobden statue at Camden Town, it is untrue that the driver has received a letter of thanks from Mr. CHAMBERLAIN. The ex-Colonial Minister conducts no correspondence in his holidays.

On Friday week news reached us of the official inauguration of Alberta, Canada's new Province. On the following Monday our daily paper contained an account of a collision between the *Alberta* and the *Dominion*. *Absit omen!*

All who like to see old customs kept up will be pleased to hear that two Irish ferrymen sighted the sea-serpent last week.

An employee of the Government money factory at Washington has engraved two full alphabets, a date, and a name on the head of a tiny pin only sixty-five thousandths of an inch in diameter. It is not known why he did it.

The Vicar of St. Mary's, Swansea, has peremptorily ordered the removal of telephone receivers (installed in the church during his absence on a holiday) by which persons who were prevented attending could hear the service, whether they had hats on or not.

A Ryde gentleman has just left his entire estate to his man-servant; and yet people say that nobody is a hero to his valet.

A dear old lady, having read that a steamer from the West Coast of Africa



Lady (to her travelling companion, who has just had his finger-nail pinched badly). "How HORRID! I ALWAYS THINK ANYTHING WRONG WITH ONE'S NAILS SETS ONE'S TEETH ON EDGE ALL DOWNS ONE'S BACK!"

had brought home six cases of beri-beri, wrote to her fruiterers to try and get her some, as she was tired of bananas.

It is rumoured that, as a result of the following pretty lines which appeared in a recent number of the *Express* on the subject of the Royal Exchange:—

"... where the folk of the frescoes look out with their wond'ring eyes
On the back of an old-world beadle, who dozes,
and stumbers, and sighs,"

the beadle is to be dismissed.

The choice between marriage and gaol was presented to a woman prisoner in a Police Court last week, and she chose marriage. How like a woman!

Publishers are sometimes unnecessarily brutal. The other day a humorous writer received some advance copies of a forthcoming work of his. On the parcel

was a label:—"Books with care. Keep dry."

A committee which has been sitting on the subject of dress for our navy-men has, according to the *Express*, proposed the abolition of straw hats, loose tunics, baggy trousers, white starched shirts, and waistcoats. The human skin, however, is to be retained.

We had often wondered what it was that made employment with the National Telephone Company so popular. We know now. From a recent case it transpires that every operator is entitled, after two years' service, to a fortnight's holiday.

Poor Russia! It has evidently been resolved by the Fates that she shall drink the cup of humiliation to the dregs. HACKENSCHMIDT has now been defeated at the Bristol Empire.

NATURE STUDIES.

THE SEASIDE RETRIEVER.

THE dog whom I have recently been studying is a handsome black retriever who frequents for his own purposes a stretch of sandy beach on the Norfolk coast. To particularise more closely would be unfair to the many hundreds of dogs who are to be found similarly frequenting such other stretches of this coast as happen to be populated by juvenile visitors during the warmer months of the year. Indeed, every seaside resort has, I am sure, at least one dog exhibiting the aquatic characteristics that mark the one whom for literary convenience I will call mine.

When I say "my dog" I do not wish to convey any false impressions of ownership. I have met this dog; he has on more than one occasion shaken over me some of the sea water with which he was then, as he always is, saturated; he has barked round about me; has laid at my feet large and useless stones which he had rescued from the surf; has, in order to rivet my attention and inveigle me into a game, buried these stones elaborately in the sand, and has then, with all the surprised eagerness of a discoverer, unburied them again—all these things he has done repeatedly, but I am convinced he would energetically repudiate any inference of possession or any suggestion of command which I might endeavour to base on such exhibitions of energy. Indeed, I have never yet seen a seaside retriever who could be said in the proper sense of the term to be owned by a master or a mistress, and my dog is no exception to the rule.

I do not know where my dog sleeps or how he gets his food. Imagination permits me to believe that he takes his rest upon the large buoy which bobs up and down about a mile out, and that he has his meals brought to him now and then by gulls. What I do know is that at ten o'clock of a morning he is to be found on the beach busily engaged in those industries which occupy his undivided attention during the rest of the day. This morning, for instance, when I arrived upon the scene of his activities, I found him joyously enslaving a boy whom he had persuaded to throw stones sometimes into the sea and sometimes along the shore. In pursuit of these he plunged into the waves, swam round in short circles, barking vigorously all the time, occasionally dived, and then came to land again, always stoneless, but never disheartened. Or again, if the stone happened to be flung along the shore, he raced after it with incredible speed, rolled over and over as he attained it, burrowed furiously after it, and arrived back, clogged with sand, but triumphant.

It chanced that after some minutes of this sport the boy was summoned by his parents, and left the beach for the heights above. The dog looked after him wistfully, but, finding there was no prospect of a renewal of that game, he soon made up his mind. A short distance away he observed a group consisting of three small girl children, two nurses and a mother who, with her back propped against a heap of sand, was dividing her mind between a novel and such exhortations as the requirements of her family from time to time demanded. My dog studied this innocent assortment of females with great attention, and then proceeded with sublime craft to mould them to his desires. To have rushed upon them violently would have defeated his purpose, for he could have hoped nothing from them after casting them into terror and sprinkling them with sand and sea. He advanced slowly and humbly, pausing every now and again to see if he was observed. No notice having been taken of him, he at last arrived at the edge of the circle of frocks and bare feet, and there sat down with a most deprecating expression on his moist black face.

"Oh, isn't that a pretty dog!" said one of the nurses.

At this encouragement my friend seemed to emerge from an abyss of depression. He presented a paw to the apprecia-

tive nurse, and licked the plump hand of the smallest child. Being still further encouraged and admired he now felt that his moment had come. He retired a few feet, picked up a stone in his mouth and laid it submissively down in the midst of the group. "Throw it for him, POLLY," said the deceived mother to her eldest. "He wants to play with you."

Instantly the dog was on the run, rapturously barking, and for the next half-hour he had no lack of willing victims, all of whom in turn he succeeded in bowling over on the sand. Finally he saw a larger party newly arrived, and with a disgusting faithlessness removed himself at once to them.

Of such a nature are the proceedings of the seaside retriever. He might have been employed in tracking the running partridge or adding rabbits to a sportsman's bag. Instead of these congenial feats a perversion of nature has imposed upon him the research of stones and futile plunges into the sea. It is probable that some such dog was the original progenitor of the tribe of seals—whom, in truth, in his damp state he much resembles. Once a seaside retriever always a seaside retriever. There is no human power that could lure my dog, at any rate, from the watery games on which he spends his time and his strength.

PUBLIC SPIRIT.

THE offer of the altruistic Mexican to pay off the national debt of Mexico has, we are glad to say, incited several of our eminent men to impulses of equally Quixotic patriotism. Offers, indeed, come in daily, and where more fittingly than to Mr. Punch's letter-box?

MR. BRODRICK has risen to great heights. In these days of selfish personal advancement, he says, a stand must be made by some one in an exalted position, and that stand he, for one, is prepared to make. Under no conditions, he informs us, will he consent to be made Viceroy of India.

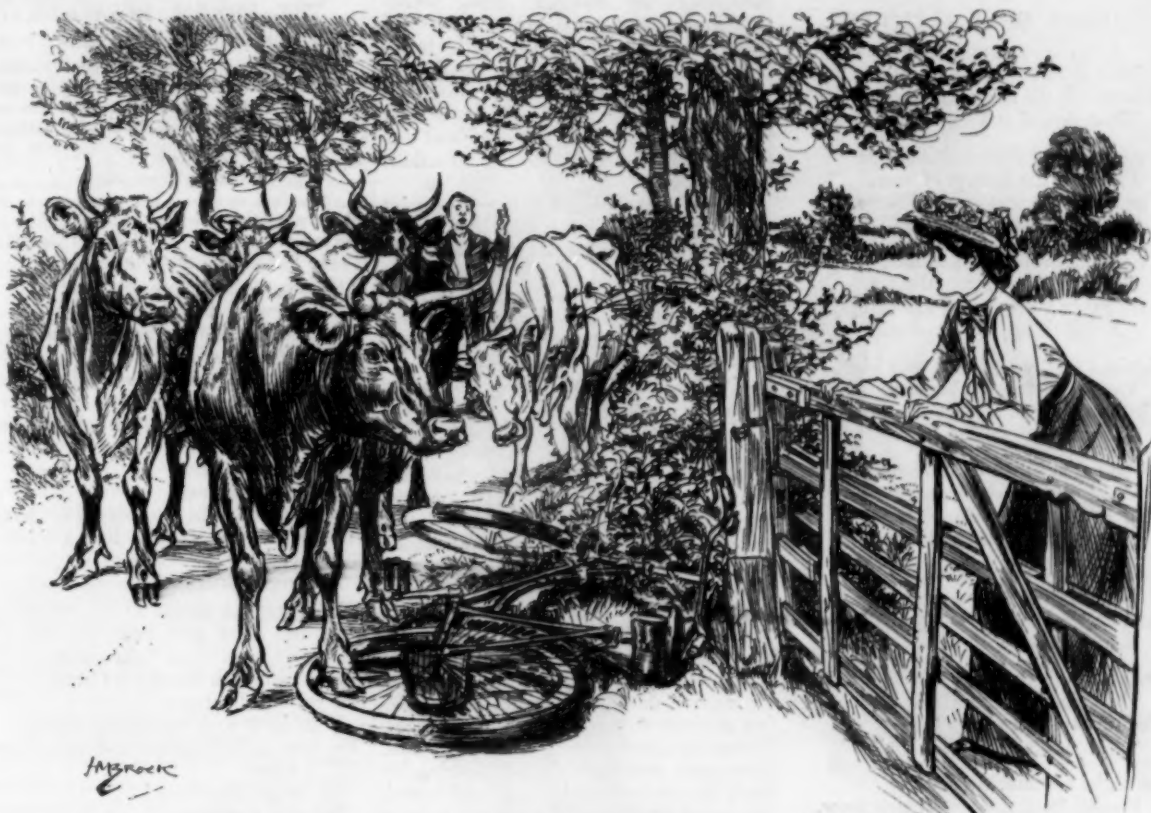
MR. WILL CROOKS, M.P., the genial and Progressive Member for Woolwich, has offered to cease from criticism of the Government if an explicit understanding is given that no Conservative will ever again quote Latin in the House. *Verb. sap.* No answer has yet been received.

MR. HALL CAINE, the talented novelist, with a Daily Telegraphic circulation and a *coiffure* that is the envy of the loveliest village of the plain, is as full as usual of bounding benevolence. He will, he says, write no more novels and no more plays, and will cease to be photographed and interviewed, if, on his evacuation of office, Mr. BALFOUR will make him a Peer. By way of services rendered, he points to his illustrious career as a novelist, his busy, self-sacrificing life in the House of Keys, and his duties as cicerone on the occasion of His MAJESTY's visit to the Isle of Man. Enough, enough, all will cry.

SIR HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN, fresh from his attendance on His MAJESTY at Marienbad, has a different ideal of patriotism. For him it is not renunciation, but the strenuous life. If only he has the opportunity, he says, he will govern this country as it has never been governed before, and spare no effort or time in the task.

We have the best authority for stating that Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL, with a heroism that cannot be too highly appreciated by his old colleagues, has resolutely declined to accept the flattering offer of the Chiltern Hundreds. As he wittily puts it, "In politics it is only centenarians who think about Hundreds. I only think of 'scores.'"

SPECIAL ENGAGEMENT OF STARS.—"Other visitors to Scarborough at the present time are EDITH Lady LONDESBOROUGH, Sir HENRY IRVING, Sir RALPH and Lady PAYNE-GALLWEY. . . Mr. F. S. and Mrs. JACKSON, Mr. VICTOR BETHELL, Sir AUGUSTUS HEMMING, and Mr. H. LEVESON-GOWER. In addition to these attractions there are the daily concerts on the Spa."—*Daily Mail*.



Cow-boy (a young lady who has taken refuge). "WOULD YOU MIND OPENIN' THE GATE, MISS? THEY'RE A-COMIN' IN THERE."

THE UNIVERSAL PROVIDER.

[MR. CHARLES FROHMAN was recently alleged, in the *New York Herald*, to have said that the theatrical producer must make money for everybody but himself. The following verses are entirely based upon this statement, and their author lays no claim to privileged information.]

READER, pause and drop a tear
On this sympathetic page,
For the man who, year by year,
Works without a proper wage.

FR-HM-N never makes a cent,
He has higher objects which
Show a soul of sentiment:
He makes other people rich.

Dramatists are plutocrats,
Thanks to FR-HM-N; they can mock,
With their splendid, shining hats,
His discoloured billycock.

If, for instance, FR-HM-N makes
Thousands over *Peter Pan*,
D-RR-E comes along and takes
All the lot—disgusting man!

While the fatted actors thrive
On their chicken and champagne,
FR-HM-N keeps himself alive
On a diet, good but plain.

While the avaricious "stars"
(Oh, the salaries they draw!)

Rush about in motor-cars,
FR-HM-N takes a 'bus—with KL-W.

Scenic artists have their price;
CL-RKS-N will not make a wig
Gratis. FR-HM-N pays them twice
(FR-HM-N's not a greedy pig).

Supers, sandwich-men and bands
Come in mercenary mobs,
All with eager, outstretched hands;
FR-HM-N pays them for their jobs.

Landlords call on quarter-days,
(Oh, they are a grasping lot!)
FR-HM-N asks them in and pays
All, and more than, he has got.

Charitable reader, think!
Can we let this martyr die
Unrewarded? Do not wink
Your uncharitable eye.

MORE ECLIPSE HUMOURS.

MR. PUNCH's own representative at the recent eclipse, having read Sir NORMAN LOCKYER's side-splitting article in the *Daily Mail* on the humours of that event, hastens to supplement it with a record of his own.

As in the great astronomer's camp, so (he writes) in ours, laughter prevailed.

But we went farther in our sallies than Sir NORMAN. To call the long telescope the Twopenny Tube was delicious, it is true, but how about charging twopence to look through it? That is what we did. No dogs or heavy luggage allowed. We also had a Long Tom, and when time hung at all heavy on our hands (as it will do, even during astronomical picnics) did we not with the highest of spirits affect to load and discharge it? By Jingo, we did, until the very stars could hear our shouts of laughter.

Talk about clowns and King's Jesters, there is no such wag as your watcher of the skies. And what did Sir NORMAN's party call their fillets when they came smoking to the table? Did they call them the Eclipse Steaks? No. We did.

And when the eclipse was in full swing and the darkness came on, how did Sir NORMAN and his jokers take it? Did they say facetious things about turning up the gas or switching on the electric light? Did they ask where was MOSES under similar conditions? We did. I hate to think that any of these chances were missed. Perhaps Sir NORMAN will write another article for the *Mail*, supplementing the drollery of his first.

FROM HIGH ALTITUDES.

A SIMPLE SOUL—

That lives among the heather,
Where roll the mists for evermore,
What should it know of weather?

I met young PETER with his cow
Far from the haunts of men.
The early sun was on the knowe,
The mist was on the Ben.

"Good morning. What about," said I,
"The weather, PETER GRAY?"
And PETER straightway made reply,
"A wee thing saft the day."

Again I met, when noon was high,
Young PETER with his cow.
The sun had vanished from the sky,
The rain was falling now.

"Good day," said I. "The rain is sore
Upon the new-cut hay."
And PETER answered as before,
"A wee thing saft the day."

At eve descended sheets of rain
That hid the nearest knowe,
And on the road I met again
Young PETER with his cow.

Still through the mist I seemed to hear
The voice of PETER GRAY
Falling familiar on my ear—
"A wee thing saft the day."

At night a wilder deluge yet
Poured from the hill's black brow,
And in the flood again I met
Young PETER with his cow.

I pass, in sullen silence, by;
But ere I was away
I heard a voice—it said, "Ou ay,
A wee thing saft the day."

BY THE WATERS OF WINDERMERE.

EXTRACT FROM THE RECESS DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

Ambleside, Monday.—Back to Windermere after two years' absence. Aboard the *Anita*, sloop-rigged racer of six tons measurement, rushing down the Lake with her starboard gunwale awash. GEORGE at the helm; Pleasure at the prow and far beyond it. A little late in the season, but a squadron of yachts still out, all sailed by their owners.

There was probably yachting on Windermere in Norse times. Doubtless ONUNDR and GUNNAR raced each other from Lakehead to the Ferry, their clansmen looking on. Certainly, as records tell, there has been yachting on the Lake for more than a hundred years. The Royal Windermere Yacht Club have in their house on the Lake, delightful picture of a race at some undated time. The costumes bewray the period of GEORGE THE FOURTH. The ladies

watching the struggle from broad-bottomed boats wear coal-scuttle bonnets and shoulder capes with broad white collars. As for the gentlemen, the sign and token of a good waterman in that far-off day apparently was to wear a top hat narrowing to the brim, and display a pair of braces crossing a coatless, vestless back.

Those not privileged to see this quaint picture in the Club-house will find a perfect reproduction in the record of the Club edited by Sir WILLIAM FORWOOD, illustrated by the Vice-Commodore ISAAC STOREY, with "some account of Windermere," charmingly written by Canon RAWNSLEY, Vicar of Crosthwaite.

To the outsider Windermere is chiefly associated with the name of WORDSWORTH and his brother poets of the Lakes. But there were other men of letters of whom one thinks as the *Anita* cleaves the brown waters with her graceful prow. In the days of MARGARET CHRISTOPHER NORTH lived, nay reigned, here. Elleray still stands at the lower end of the Lake.

Just eighty years ago there were great doings on Windermere, under the direction of Lord High Admiral CHRISTOPHER. A grand regatta was decreed in honour of the poets. WALTER SCOTT was there, and in a letter dated August 22, 1825, gives an account of the proceedings. Among other honoured guests were WORDSWORTH, LOCKHART, and CANNING, then nearing his end, already broken down in health, and, as LOCKHART reports WORDSWORTH to have genially remarked, "seeming to have no mind at all."

CHRISTOPHER, not at the moment "crusty" as TENNYSON found him, led the procession of boats, with Mrs. WILSON in the seat of honour, crowned with a grand turban and streamers. Fifty barges followed, decorated with flags, "accompanied," as crabbed LOCKHART writes, "by two execrable bands of music."

Gone is the leading barge now, sailed on to cross the Styx, with CHRISTOPHER NORTH's grand figure in the stern, tiller in hand; for fellow-passengers the worn-out statesman whom GLAISTONE revered, the biographer of WALTER SCOTT, and the poet who did for the Lake Country what the Wizard of the North did for Scotland. Their fame is deathless as the hills that looked down on the procession, and to-day see the smart craft of the Royal Yacht Club skimming across the Lake,

... trim skiffs unknown of yore
On winding lakes and rivers wide
That fear no spite of wind or tide.

But I was going to write about GEORGE, captain and crew of the *Anita*. GEORGE must wait till next week.

The Dangers of a little English.

"JEUNE HOMME (22 ans) CHERCHE PLACE en famille comme Parloirmaid."—*Advt. in the "Morning Post."*

THE BRIGHT ROSALEEN.

(A Study in Manganese metre.)

[*"Ireland grows less fearful with every season. . . . The Tourist Association is working hard to take the terror out of Irish hotels. You can now live decently in almost every quarter of Ireland. . . . The smallest jest makes one cheerful in this happy kingdom. . . . It will be in time, I believe, as popular with the tourists of all nations as Switzerland, and that is the brightest destiny to which it can look, and for which it should work."*—MR. HAROLD BEBBIE in the *Daily Mail*, September 6, 1905.]

O MY rare ROSALEEN,
Do not wail, do not weep!
The pressmen are on the swift turbine,
They fly across the deep.
BART KENNEDY's on the trump,
He is painting all London green,
And the *Daily Mail* on your shores shall

camp,
My rich ROSALEEN!
My own ROSALEEN!
Shall cure your ills, shall dry your damp,
Shall make you expand like a verdant

gamp.
My bright ROSALEEN!
All day long in unrest
Up and down do I rove,
I've wept upon Carn Tual's crest,
I've smiled in Blarney's Grove.
But yet will I relume

Your fame with my stylo's sheen:
'Tis you shall blossom and bound and
boom,
My bright ROSALEEN!
My own ROSALEEN!
'Tis you for all tripperdom shall find

room
From now until the ding of doom,
My bright ROSALEEN!

Over dikes, over dells
Will I fly for your weal,
I'll brave your terrible hotels,
Your meagre mid-day meal.
Until on your lawns and links,
From the screech of dawn till e'en
You join in all my high old jinks,
My gay ROSALEEN!

My own ROSALEEN!
You'll pledge me in the longest drinks,
My amiable, my Emerald Sphinx,
My bright ROSALEEN!

I could scale the North Pole,
I could drink up the Clyde,
Oh, I could eat sea-serpents whole
To make you the Tripper's Bride!
For, however poor and slim,
One joke from your lips, I ween,
Can thrill the pulses in ev'ry limb,
My arch ROSALEEN!

My quaint ROSALEEN!
Can lend my copy a juicy vim,
Can give it the lift of the Cherubim,
My bright ROSALEEN!

O the Liffey shall turn
To a crystalline stream,
And Mr. WALTER LONG discern
Good in DUNRAVEN's scheme,

And the Gaels shall take to tea,
 And boycott the best potheen,
 Ere you forget the *Mail* and Me,
 My rare ROSALEEN!
 My own ROSALEEN!
 O Ireland's Eye shall be sunk in the sea,
 Ere you recover from HAROLD B.
 My bright ROSALEEN!

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

OUR first thought this month must be the all-important one of *chapeaux*. And, by the way, I hear that the post-bag of a certain Cornish Vicar has been crammed lately with grateful letters from milliners, who wish to endorse his remarks about the shameful conduct of women who dare to appear *sans toque*, *sans chapeau* in his dear little church. There is also some talk of a deputation of prominent *artistes* attending the Church Congress to present a resolution on the subject, and to urge the Bishops to stand firm.

As little Madame JULIETTE said to me the other day with tears in her eyes, "It is not as *cef chapeaux* could not be arranged for every face. If those ladies who made the objection would but have come to me, I would have found them something to suit them. Me, I fail never!"

And now for the autumn fashions.

After a careful inspection of all the leading milliners' windows it is evident that this autumn will find our dear little songsters with us more than ever. Feathers, wings, plumes—all are being used for the tasteful and beautiful creations with which we women must cover our heads. And this reminds me of a beautiful thought that I saw sweetly carried out—in a well-known *artiste's* window, not many yards from a certain shop where they sell leather belts! The window was full of hats trimmed with birds' feathers and plumes. From all lands the little dickies had flown to perch on the crowns and brims—humming birds, birds of paradise—as I heard a charming American girl saying, "I guess there'll be a good many birds in Paradise this fall!"—and our own little feathered friends from the woods and hedgerows—all were there. But what brought happy tears to my eyes was the placard in front of the window. In one corner was the picture of a nest of young birds, with the mother sitting on it, while underneath was written, "Aids to church worship." Could anything have been sweeter and more appropriate? It was just that little touch of thoughtfulness and reverence that is so much needed in this dear worldly London of ours, and as I stood in front of that window I could not help wishing that that dear man in Cornwall could have been there beside me. How it would have rejoiced his heart!

Then about dress.



A NEW INTERPRETATION.

TIME—The Sabbath Day.

The Elder. "TAMMAS, D' YOU KEN THE MEANIN' O' A WORK O' NECESSITY?"

Tammas. "AY FINE THAT."

The Elder. "WIS SHOOTIN' THAT HARE A WORK O' NECESSITY?"

Tammas. "IT WIS THAT."

The Elder. "HOO D' YOU MAK' THAT OOT?"

Tammas. "WEE, YE SEE, IF I'D WAITET TILL THE MORN, THE HARE W'ULD HAE BEEN AWA'!"

Our Scottish friends—the JEANS, and MARGARETS, and ELSPETHS, and JANETS—will be glad to know that their nice bright tartans will be much worn this autumn. The effect will be exceedingly martial and inspiring. One well-known tailor is making up the tartans in what he calls "the Knox Pattern," in allusion,

of course, to that disagreeable man's phrase, "the regiment of women." I hear that "tartan parties" are being got up already, where prizes will be given to the guests who name correctly the greatest number of tartans present.

Altogether, there is every prospect of a busy, happy autumn.



Nurse. "BRIDGET, COME HERE AND SEE A FRENCH BABY BORN IN DUBLIN."

Bridget. "POOR LITTLE DARLINT! IT'S A GREAT PERPLEXITY YOU'LL BE TO YOURSELF, I'M THINKIN', WHEN YOU BEGIN SPEAKIN'!"

A NEW GUIDE TO THE LAKES.

[MR. ALFRED AUSTIN has been visiting Cumberland and has recorded his opinion that: "People need not go to Switzerland for more beautiful scenery than this—there is nothing like it."]

Of all the divers charms that dot
The pleasant face of rural Britain,
There lingers yet a beauty spot
Whose rare attractions are unwritten;
Accessible (by means of brakes
From Keswick) to the casual tourist,
Our recognition of the Lakes—
Till recently—has been the poorest.

It needs a modern poet's eye
To note their restfulness and greenery
That more than adequately vie
With all your Continental scenery.
How little on a theme like this
The language of the common herd's
worth!

SOUTHEY, *e.g.*, appeared to miss
A lot of points, and so did WORDS-
WORTH.

True, they were Laureates: COLERIDGE too
(Although from want of inspiration

He never won like them and you
That priceless piece of vegetation)
Has left behind some scattered tips
Upon the country's scenic merit,
Yet never caught the note that grips
Imagination like a ferret.

What did they know of flowers and trees?
Their shallow songs are mere mono-
tony.

They hadn't spent a cultured ease
In writing versicles on botany.
Living, besides, so near the place,
How could they feel the tripper's duty
Of crying with enraptured face,
"Observe that mountain! What a
beauty!"

But you—who tramp in tourist's boots
(We like to fancy) up Helvellyn,
You can appraise the various routes,
And rub the local colour well in;
You see at once the classic side,
You know the Naiad like a daughter:
Where could we find a better guide
To Bassenthwaite and Derwentwater?

The psychologic fashion stales;
We need another Nature poet;

Write—we implore—till fancy fails,
And mere exhaustion makes you stow
it;
So shall it be your lot perhaps
To lead the steps of after ages,
Published in parts with coloured maps,
8vo, cloth, and gilt-edged pages.

EXTRACT from a gentleman's letter to
the "*Western Morning News*":—

"At about one o'clock, when the eclipse was
on the sun, I saw a most beautiful star shining
very bright, just to the northward of the sun,
and I pointed it out to three ladies (who were
watching the eclipse in a bath of water) . . .
Is this an unusual occurrence?"

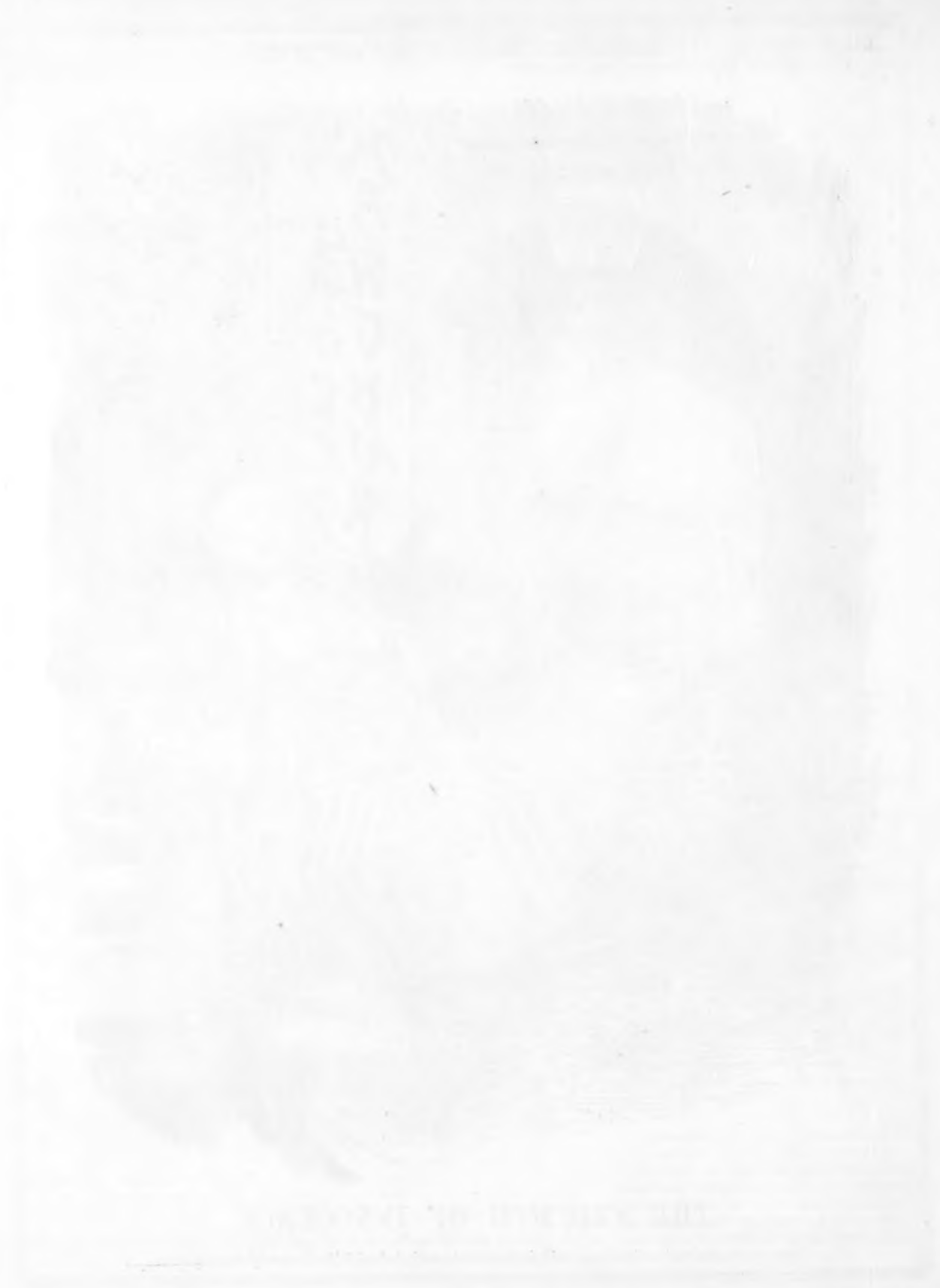
We sincerely hope and believe that
it is.

A DIVERTING example of absent-minded-
ness occurred at an indoor concert the
other day. A loyal old gentleman who
had been dozing was suddenly awakened
by the strains of "*God Save the King*."
He arose hurriedly, snatched off his wig,
and held it reverently in his hand until
the anthem was at an end.



THE TRIUMPH OF INNOCENCE.

(Portrait of a Gentleman who is thoroughly satisfied with the Terms of Peace.)



THE TABLETS OF AZIT-TIGLETH-MĪPHANSI, THE SCRIBE.



NINETEENTH FRAGMENT.

1. Now did the Bit-Jappis, the heroes
of Nippon

2. with *koppa-komplekshanz* and *öblikh-aisokhetz*

3. half-moltke, half-ghurka .

4. with the brains of *markonih*, the
thews of a panther, . . .

5. descendants of *daimios* with *Buddha-
laik* features

6. who sat stiffly brocaded in turreted
castles

7. looking sadly *ennuyés* in preposter-
ous armour,

8. like so many bronzes, . . with *Fuji-
no-yama* and

9. red-lacquered temples as a perma-
nent

10. background, while in secret they

11. *mugdup* the art of *Jiu-jitsu*

12. how to grip an opponent, and
put

13. the *lokkonnim*, just playing

14. the deuce with his limbs and his

15. muscles, in fact his entire *anato-
mik-al-strukture*

16. (now we come to the verb—a
trifle belated,—

17. it's usual to have one and perhaps

18. it is better to, even in

19. tablets! So here it is),

20. play the same very trick on

21. with Russia.

22. They got all their armies, their
miriadz-ov-kossaks

23. in *moth-iten-kaftans*,

24. their *moujiks-in-knapsaks*, their
miyopikh-kurnuls

25. and *rouél-ef-tenantz*

26. all stymied and *bunkahd*, check-
mated

27. and flummoxed, . . all up to their
necks in

28. *saugars* and *sandbags*, in the land of

29. the Manchus (though no man
would choose it)

30. reading *nihilist-litflets* and other

31. *inflamabul-mutta* . . . *most sub-
versiv*

32. of order. While their wily com-
mander

33. inspired by a positive passion

34. for fighting . . on paper (not to
mention a

35. bottle of something that *luks-al-
koholik*

36. —is it *vodka* or *rodka*?—it doesn't
much

37. matter, it's *ikuali laib'lous* how-
ever

38. you spell it) sits and twirls his
mustashiz

39. (mendaciously martial)

40. writes fire-eating despatches
describing the pitiful state of

41. Kuroki! Tells his poor little
master

42. who *crouchiz-in-ermin* that all is
now ready

43. —one word will let loose his
victorious legions;

44. he proposes to take for his break-
fast next morning

45. Oyama - on-toast, with Oku, and
Nogi and Nödzu

46. for luncheon that he
can't quite decide which quarter of Tokio

47. he'll live in.

48. Then did Teddy the Toothful,
the lord of

49. the Yankiz, the king of the Cow-
boys,

50. the ruler of Hennessy, Dooley and

51. others, — a wonderful blend,
Hohenzollern-

52. cum-Cody,—who dwells in the
White House,

53. exchange his rough-riding, *vaquero-
laik*

54. garments for a more or less
accurate

55. classical costume with property
wings

56. safety-pinned to his shoulders,—
a sweeter

57. presentment of Peace one can
hardly

58. imagine adjusting

59. his *pinzneh*, his face wreathed in
smiles that

60. would easily reach from New York
to Vancouver,

61. his prominent teeth fairly gleam-
ing with *hai-laitz*,

62. with the olive-branch sweetly
extended towards them

63. in nice little portly and spatulate fingers

64. and pointing his toes in a dancing position

65. he advanced to the parties concerned and—

66. well, really, they *couldn't* resist him.

67. To the bay of the oyster did they come . . .

68. The Bit-Jappis Komura did send

69. *sedéit, maikroskopik, frock-coated* and silent

70. And like as the shell of the oyster were his lips

71. closed and the pushing reporter could get no admittance

72. and wore out his boots and his language together

73. as he tramped the *piyazza*.

74. But Nikkithesar sent the doughty Dewitte

75. (they expected some *muskovait-ghail* and they

76. got it); with a *makhia-velyan keutniss* selected

77. an *honest* diplomatist (no doubt of malice

78. aforethought) who shared dear George Washington's

79. sad limitation

80. that cerebral defect which is always referred to

81. with kindly regret by those who never yet suffered

82. in *that* way. . . .

83. Imagine the horrible misunderstandings, the claims that

84. were yielded, the ghastly confusion into which the thing

85. got when a Russian—I ask you, a *Russian*, sat there

86. telling *truths, saying what he intended*, displaying an

87. arrant and shameless uprightness in place of the usual *tergiverséshian*.

88. In the history of Russia this infamous treatment

89. of hon'able foemen, this orgie of mean and contemptible

90. frankness, will stand out in evil and black isolation. (Like the bold *samurai*, it is really too-sordid.)

91. Considering all things it's really a marvel

92. the poor little Japs didn't give up

93. Port Arthur, surrender their navy and Togo

94. and Tokio, the Emperor and Em-press

95. and pay something handsome to show their

96. regret for the trouble the Russians

97. were put to . . . E. T. R.

Old Lady (reading headline of paper).
"Conclusion of Peace?" Why, I quite thought it had only just begun!

THE DUST-BIN ERA.

AMONGST other suggestions made by a writer in the *Queen* towards the simplification of domestic help is a hint that the disagreeable business of "washing up" might be entirely obviated by eating off "paper plates and dishes which might be burnt after use." We seem to see here the dawn of a new epoch in which the house will be a mere annex to the Dust-bin, and the Sink will lapse into oblivion. "No cleaning" will be the motto of the scullery-maid, and there shall be no necessity to scrub the steps every morning. We shall simply tear off a leaf of prepared surface after the manner of a blotting-pad, and apply to the nearest stationer when the levels of the threshold are getting low. In like manner the yearly tenant will lay down his fifty-two paper carpets one on top of another when entering upon his lease, and convey a stratum to the ash-heap week by week. Laundresses, of course, are doomed, the waste-paper basket, when necessary, acting as their substitute. We have already "no-hatters" and "no-booters," and the principle will be extended, and we shall probably hear of "no-shirters" and "anti-collarites." The handkerchief question can be solved on the Chinese system. Where, however, a foolish prejudice retains these various articles of costume, a bonfire every Monday morning will soon dispose of all the soiled imitation-linen. The paper-drafter is going to replace the haberdasher and the modiste. Paper boots have long been obtainable from army contractors, so these can be bought and used up by the gross, thereby doing away with the distasteful task of blacking them day by day. Other portions of dress, if worn, may be constructed of brown paper, but much is to be said in favour of a return to the fashions of our early British ancestors. Darning and sewing will be classed among the lost arts, if indeed they are not so already.

At mealtime we foresee great changes. In old-fashioned households, where families still feed at home and do not patronise the restaurant, we shall have the service performed by dumb plate-bine, *alias* receptacles into which each dish can be thrown when done with. Paper knives and forks, it may be thought, present a difficulty, but, with the Japanisation of the world, we shall most probably learn to handle chopsticks.

Paper constitutions and paper Acts of Parliament, and much else that looks well on paper, we have been familiar with for many years past, and now we are promised the reality.

It will not matter if anything "comes off in the 'and'" of the few remaining Phyllises of the future, as nothing will be made to last.

When most things go, after twenty-four hours' use, to the Dust-hole and the Destructor, the problem of the Simple Life for Housemaids will be solved.

The weary charwoman also, whose epitaph records her satiety of washing and scrubbing and sweeping, will achieve her desire on earth and be "going to do nothing for ever and ever."

SHOULD MILLERS WEAR WHITE HATS?

DEAR SIR,—What on earth is Canon SLICER driving at? In my young days a miller without a hat would have been considered a positive impropriety. In the case of the Miller's Daughter the matter is even more serious, and I regard some form of decent head-gear as absolutely indispensable.

Yours faithfully,

VICAR OF BRANSTOCK.

SIR,—As a prominent member of the No-Hat League, and one who has never yet been compelled to wear any ridiculous form of frippery, I wish to record, emphatically my protest.

Yours ever,

Regent's Park. ZOË CROWTHER (Miss).

HOND. SIR,—The practice of mixing sand, scidlitz powder, dynamite and other deleterious substances with ordinary wheat-flour— [This letter seems to have strayed into the wrong column. —Ed.]

DEAR SIR,—A faint pearl-grey is more fashionable, Yours in haste,

THE MAD HATTER.

DEAR SIR,—Only for photos.

Yours, etc.

GERTRUDE MILLAR.

DEAR SIR,—Why not?

JOE MILLER.

DEAR SIR,—I remember my grandmother saying that she recollected meeting a friend of a certain very notable miller of the time, who pursued his unselfish vocation in the vicinity of the river Dee. She is not quite clear as to his opinion upon this very interesting topic, but believes him to have stated more than once that he was entirely indifferent to the opinions of the rest of the world, and that (so far as he was able to judge) they (the rest of the world) reciprocated this sentiment towards himself. Yours sincerely,

H. T. TOLLEMACHE TOLLEMACHE.

Other correspondents appear to have confounded the main issue of the question with more or less irrelevant topics, such as Should Cats eat Bats? What are the Wild Waves saying? and Are Mushrooms poisonous? Their effusions are therefore reluctantly withheld.



"SPOILING THE MARKET."

Young Spatchcock (who has just peppered a Beater). "IT'S DECIDED UNFORTUNATE, BEAS. NOT TELL ME WHAT HAD I BETTER GIVE HIM?"
 Beas (meditatively). "WELL, SIR, I CAN'T RIGHTLY SAY. IT'S THIS WAY, YOU KNOW. BEATERS 'AS GOT VERY EXPENSIVE 'EREADUCTS EVER SINCE MR. GUILDERSTEIN 'AD THE SHOOTIN'.
 'E USED TO 'IT ONE OR TWO OF 'EM MOST EVERY DAY. AND MONEY WASN'T NO OBJECT TO 'EM."

LILLIAN.

I.—HER NARROW ESCAPE.

In answer to certain questions of mine, LILLIAN has told me several times that she is not going to marry me. That may be so or not, but in the meantime I am taking care that she doesn't marry anybody else. This I do for her own sake, as it is so obvious to me that she doesn't know her own mind. For instance, that affair of the Vicar—

One imagines a Vicar an oldish man with an innumerable family. But this one was quite young. He must have got his Vicarage very early; at the record age, I should say. When he came down to us, the village immediately went mad over him, and LILLIAN simply threw herself at his head. He all but caught her. It was what the *Sportsman* would call "a sharp one-handed chance that the reverend gentleman got to, but could not hold."

The reverend gentleman's name was HAYLING. He had the ordinary sort of face, and the only point about him that I could see was that he couldn't pronounce his "r's." You would think that this would rather do for a Vicar, but the fellow had a positive genius for getting hold of words that hadn't got an "r" in them. Of course he couldn't help himself in the actual service, but he never once said "my brethren" in his sermons, which is pretty casual in a Vicar who has got his majority so early. And out of church he would often go through a whole week without giving himself away. He was awfully sensitive on the subject.

Well, LILLIAN, as I say, made herself silly about him; and I saw at once that it would want all my skill and tact to lure her away from the HAYLING's net. I used to spend days trying to have him on about his "r's," but the brute was extraordinarily cunning, especially when LILLIAN was about. We talked over the war a good deal, and of course I thought I had him there. But no. It was always "The People of the CZAR," or the "Slav," or—what are those things you scratch?—oh yes, the "Tartar"; never once Russia or the Russians. Jolly luckily for him LINIEVITCH was in command just then, but once, when I did get round to KUROPATKIN, hang me if he didn't begin: "Ah yes. The KITCHENER of the East, as that gallant soldier has been well-named, is indeed of the kind

that—" something or other. Naturally I dropped KUROPATKIN after this.

HAYLING was very fond of dogs. Almost the first day he came into the village he practically asked for a fox-terrier pup that I was trying to give away. As I promised it to him then, there was no getting out of it; so some weeks later I took it up to him.

"Ah, thanks, thanks," he said. "I began to think you had forgotten that I had consented to take it off your hands. Have you given it a name yet?"

"Oh yes," I said airily. "I've taught the beast to answer its name. Here! *Raffles, Raffles!* Come along, old dog! Good dog, *Raffles!*"

the secret about the dog; and of course she knew about LILLIAN and me. We were all in the garden, and suddenly GRACE said:

"Oh, you've brought your dear little dog, Mr. HAYLING. What is its name?"

The Vicar looked away.

"*Waffles,*" he said.

"Oh, what did you say?"

"*Waffles,*" said HAYLING, angrily.

"Dick, if you make such a noise with your pipe I can't hear anything. I beg your pardon, Mr. HAYLING?"

"*Waffles,*" said the Vicar, looking absolutely furious.

"Ah, yes," said GRACE, vaguely. And we camped there for the night, so to speak.

After tea the attack was renewed. *Raffles* was being taught by LILLIAN to beg, and we were all sitting around and watching.

"Oh, by the way, HAYLING," I said, "Holt's got two ripping little Irish terriers he wants to get rid of. I said I'd take one, and recommended you for the other. Was that right?"

"I should be happy to do Mr. Holt a good turn," said the Vicar, complacently.

"Right. I'll tell him. They're splendid little chaps. *Ruffles* and *Buffles* he calls them."

There was a moment's silence. Then the Vicar blew his nose.

"Holt is very keen that we shouldn't change their names, and as he's taught them 'no end of tricks'—"

"I hate dogs who play the fool," said HAYLING, shortly.

It was a bit unlucky for him, for *Raffles* seized that very moment to stand on his hind legs and balance a sand-

wich on his nose. LILLIAN, whose idea it was, glanced angrily at the Vicar. I lit a pipe very deliberately.

"By the way, HAYLING," I said, "you won't mind, I'm sure, but as I was up there I chose mine."

There was really a fine pause here, just as I wanted. Then said HAYLING—he simply couldn't help himself—

"Which—which one did you choose?" I lit another match.

"*Buffles,*" I said.

GRACE came in eagerly.

"Oh, then Mr. HAYLING's is *Ruffles!* What funny names he has for his dogs! What do you call this? Something like *Apples* or *Raffles*, didn't you say?"

Then Mr. HAYLING said something that wasn't a bit like *Apples*—or *Raffles*.



✓ Benevolent Lady. "Now mind that you don't go and spend that at the first public-house you come to."

Disreputable Old Pauper. "You bet I won't, Mum. You means the 'Spotted Dog.' Not me. You're a good judge, you are. I'm for the 'Green Duck' further on. I agrees with you—the 'Spotted Dog' ain't no class at all."

HAYLING went red.

"An unusual name, am I not wight?" he said, dropping his guard for the moment.

"Oh! he's called after the famous criminal *RAFFLES*," I explained.

"And who is this famous—ah—malefactor?"

"I am afraid you don't read your *Pall Mall Magazine*, HAYLING."

"I have no time to waste on minor fiction. HALL CAINE and Miss—that is, the lady of Avon—have no charms for me."

"*RAFFLES* was a thief," I said, "and so is this *Raffles*. He'll steal your slippers, HAYLING."

Three days later my sister-in-law and I went over to LILLIAN's. As we expected, HAYLING was there. I had let GRACE into

"Really, Mr. HAYLING!" said GRACE, getting up indignantly . . .

Five minutes after we had gone the Vicar proposed to LALLIAN and was refused. She pretends, of course, that she would have refused him anyhow. But that is hardly fair after the disinterested and unselfish way in which I worked to save her.

A HARD CASE.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I write to you for advice and assistance. Mine is, I hope and believe, a peculiar case, and only you can help me. The circumstances are as follows:—A month ago I met a man in the neighbourhood of Bouverie Street, and, *à propos* of nothing in particular, he told me a story. I know it was a very amusing story, for I remember laughing immoderately at it. I laughed so much that he clapped me on the shoulder and said, "There, my dear fellow, you put that on paper and send it to *Punch*. I present it to you." Then he turned and walked towards the Strand. There may have been something sinister in his eye as he looked at me, but if so it escaped me.

Fired with his generous offer I climbed to the attic in which I reside and proceeded to commit the story to paper. It was not a long story. It could have gone easily into one of your columns. I felt I could write it in half-an-hour. Mr. *Punch*, I am still writing that story. There was nothing involved about it. It only required plain telling to be irresistibly humorous. But I am still wrestling with the task of setting it down in writing. I thought half an hour would suffice for the task. Four weeks have elapsed, and it is still unaccomplished. At this moment I am sitting at my desk knee-deep in my own rejected efforts. I have written the beginning a hundred times and thrown it aside as unsatisfactory. Then, when I seemed to have got the beginning all right, the middle began to puzzle me, and every time I altered the middle I had to change the beginning. It is not a long story, as I have said, but my attempts to narrate it would fill

volumes. At the end of my first week of work on it my brain was dull and I ceased to sleep at night. At the end of a fortnight the floor of my chamber was entirely covered with discarded beginnings and middles, while the end was not even in sight. By this time I was so worn out that I could scarcely hold a pen. Then I think I must have become delirious. From constantly writing and rewriting that story I had lost all power of criticism. I ceased to be able to give what remains of my mind to its composition, and wrote and destroyed my copy, as it were, automatically.

Meantime at intervals I used to meet the other man in Fleet Street, and he never failed to smile at me with elabo-

short of patients issuing forth into Fleet Street and presenting his story to someone. After a few weeks the victim passes into his keeping. Or perhaps he also has suffered under the story, and the only way to get rid of the burden is to hand it on to someone else. But can I in cold blood save myself thus at the expense of another? My conscience revolts at the idea. Yet it is useless to suggest that I should merely cease trying to write it. That is out of my power. I can now think of nothing else. It has hypnotised me, and I cannot free myself from its deadly fascination. If however you have any habitual contributor whom you wish to get rid of, perhaps you will send me his name in

confidence. I will then tell him the story and suggest that he should write it for your columns. In six weeks or less you will be rid of him for ever.

Yours despairingly,
A MEMBER OF THE
SOCIETY OF AUTHORS.



FORCE OF HABIT.

Hotel Clerk. "ANY OF THE ROOMS NUMBERED FROM EIGHTY-FIVE TO A HUNDRED ARE VACANT, SIR. HAVE YOU ANY PREFERENCE?"

Dr. Lirrip, F.R.C.P. (author of "*Lirrip on Lungs*," "*Lungs and their Troubles*").
"SAY NINETY-NINE."

rate friendliness and ask how I was getting on with his story. I even thought I detected a lurking malice in the inquiry as the days went on, and became afraid of meeting him. I shut myself up in my room and laboured at that accursed story, and only ventured out at night when I could count on escaping his hateful inquiry.

Meantime I am still writing it, and I begin to think it will never be finished. I sit at my desk with blood-shot eyes and aching head, my pen rushing feverishly across the paper until now I can hardly believe that there was ever a time when I was not pursuing an elusive jest through reams of manuscript. And it is gradually being borne in on me that it is all a plot on the part of the other man. I suspect him of keeping a private asylum, and whenever he is

to her to know that her first Governor, as the *Times* informs us, is the Hon. A. FORGET.

The Alcaust at Home.

THE following testimonial reaches us from a Colonial Paper:—"My wife was all twisted out of shape with facial paralysis, and five doctors failed to cure or even relieve. By the persistent use of Dr. —'s — Food I have been entirely cured, and have returned to work strong and well. I have gained in weight, and feel that I have a new lease of life."

By one of the intelligent Japanese rioters the *Times* correspondent was informed that their object in setting fire to the House of the Minister of the Interior at Tokio was to enlighten the EMPEROR.

CHANGE AND REST.

If your holiday should take you to a continental land,
And you meet a figure strange and hollow-eyed,
With a guide-rope girt about him and a Murray in his hand,
Rushing frantically up a mountain side;
Oh! think not 'tis a madman who has broken loose again,
Or a felon, by police officials pressed,
It is merely dear old JOHNSON, who, to soothe his weary brain,
Is seeking for a little change and rest.

He has only got a month, and there are scores of peaks to climb,
So he cannot waste his days in sluggish ease;
He wants to visit Nuremberg and Munich in the time,
With a détour by the Spanish Pyrenees.
Then to Sheringham or Cromer he will swiftly wend his way,
Where, to give, he says, his appetite a zest,
He will bicycle and bathe, and play two rounds of golf a day—
His notion of a pleasant change and rest.

If, later on, it chance that down Throgmorton Street you pace,
And you meet a being hollow-cheeked and pale,
With nervous breakdown stamped on ev'ry feature of his face,
And knees that, in his going, droop and fail,
With garments hanging loosely on his worn and shrunken frame,
That once was plump and scrupulously dressed,
You'll recognise poor JOHNSON. He will tell you, to his shame,
That he's better for his jolly change and rest.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

Shakespeare's Christmas (SMITH, ELDER) is the title of half a dozen stories "Q" collects and presents in a handy volume. Presumably, as he places this particular story first and gives its name to the book, he regards it as head, if not shoulders, above its fellows. That is a point of preference on which my Baronite does not agree with his gifted friend. He frankly admits that he is not in a position to judge of the work as a whole, since, to tell the truth, after honest endeavour he was obliged to give up the attempt to read it through. That fact has, however, its bearing on the case. For the rest, the stories are delightful, far beyond the average of this most difficult literary labour. They are full of character and action, touched up here and there with flashes of humour. For the most part "Q" goes back to historic epochs for his narrative plot and characters, and has evidently spent loving endeavour in acquiring local colour. The portrait of *Captain Bligh*, late of the *Bounty*, for example, is admirable. "The Rain of Dollars," an episode in the retreat of Sir JOHN MOORE's army from Corunna, is a masterful piece of vivid writing, and so is the story with the alluring title, "The Man Behind the Curtain."

The Queer Quakeress of the North and the Sly Seductive Southerner might comprehensively have been the title of *The Quakeress*, by MAX ADELER (WARD, LOCK & Co.). The plot is well conceived, and, certainly, it is a powerfully written novel. The story opens just before the commencement of the fratricidal American Civil War, and is carried through the earlier part of that deadly struggle between North and South. This somewhat dangerous ground is treated with artistic self-restraint, and we are spared the horrors in which MAX ADELER, had he given way to Zolaesque inspiration, might have plunged us. The interest aroused at the very first in the principal characters is well sustained up to the end. That to many English readers it may recall the earlier part of the story of *Steerforth*, *Little Emily*, and *Ham* is not improbable; but, unprincipled as was *David Copperfield's* hero, yet the gay young Southerner

Clayton, as a reprobate, can give *Steerforth* several points, and win easily. To compare the well-instructed Quakeress *Abby* with the uneducated *Emily* would be manifestly unfair, but though the former does not take the irreparable step that ruined *Peggotty's* niece yet her will consents, and there is little left of strict virtue in the beautiful Quakeress who retains only the peculiar costume and language of "The Friends." It is a clever and interesting portrait of a self-deceiving girl, who is necessarily a deceiver of those nearest and dearest to her. The character of the model young Quaker *George Fotherly* is admirably depicted, as is also that of the would-be seducer *Clayton*, physically brave, morally contemptible. The other secondary personages are all well drawn, and the comedy provided by the *Ponder* family, though lacking in originality, is not obtrusive. Altogether a book that the Baron has no hesitation in recommending.

Driven (FISHER UNWIN) is a story gleaned amid the simple annals of the poor. It is set in the good old times of "the hungry forties," when statesmen did not bandy phrases about Retaliation, Colonial Preference, and the like. They honestly spelt Protection with a big P, and openly enforced it. Mistress MARGARET WATSON, without attempt at preaching a moral, or effort at picturesque writing, tells, with pathos the more powerful, how the agricultural labourer and his family lived when corn was ten shillings a bushel, bacon eightpence a pound, wages for the head of the family nine shillings a week; the dulness of domestic life being varied by sending to jail for a month a starving man who ate a pennyworth of turnips pilfered from his master's field, fourteen days being the penalty for stealing five eggs. In such a state of things, crime in the way of poaching, burglary or highway robbery was common, not infrequently ending in the head of the family or other of its main supports being sent "over seas" for seven or fourteen years. My Baronite cannot recommend the book to any who when they take up a novel delight to find themselves in the society of those who siller hae and walk in silk attire. It is all very sad, but it is very human, and, by chance or design, has its special lesson for to-day.

The Fate of Luke Ormerod (HURST AND BLACKETT), by RICHARD DOWLING, commences so well that even a partial failure on the part of the author to keep up to his own standard is exceptionally disappointing. The leading notion has sufficient originality to be strongly attractive. "Blessed are they who expect nothing," says that irreverent old rascal *Major Monsoon*, "for verily they shall not be disappointed." Now, the earlier part of this novel leads the reader to be on the constant look-out for a mystery that shall puzzle the sharpest plot-detector among the most experienced novel-readers. A trifle more excogitation on the part of the author, another wet towel round his throbbing brain, just an extra day's isolation, and we might have had such a romance of real life as would have created a profound impression. Good as the plot is, it might so easily have been so much better. Yet can the Baron conscientiously recommend it, and much would he have liked to be able to add that here, at last, was an Englishman who had outgaboriau'd GADRIAU.



Answer to Correspondent.—"ENQUIRER." No: Esperanto is not fit to eat: it must not be confused with other Potted Tongues.